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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Liberty  
and  
Government.

One of the arguments upon which the opponents of expansion count most confidently is that this free republic cannot refuse to allow liberty to the people of the Philippines. And in that they will have no opposition.

Wherever the American flag goes, there is liberty. The Filipino, who has never known heretofore what freedom means, will know it now. He can stand up as a man and look the world in the face. He can work for whom he will, and if he does not like his wages he can strike. He can hold meetings and discuss his grievances; he can educate his children as he thinks best; he can go to church or not, as he pleases; he can speak his mind without fear of prison or the garrote.

That is liberty. But what our anti-expansionists mean when they speak of liberty is something quite different. They mean power. They mean that unless the Filipinos have unchecked authority to run their government as they please, even if they run it to smash, they are not free.

In this the anti-expansionists constitute a school of political science by themselves. The accepted authorities in this branch of learning recognize a sharp distinction between liberty and political power. Women, who constitute half the population of the United States, are free, but although it will hardly be maintained that they are less fitted for governing than the Filipinos, they have in most States no political privileges. In some parts of the United States are not allowed to vote. In others no man can vote unless he can read and write. Yet all these non-political classes are American citizens.

If it is the substance and not the name of liberty that we are seeking for the Filipinos we must establish and maintain American supremacy over the islands, at least until the people have been sufficiently trained to enter upon the experiment of self-government with a fair chance of success. Without that kindly guidance at the start personal liberty will be lost in alternations of anarchy and despotism. The individual will have no security for life or property, the ground that has been gained for civilization will be lost, and the bloody history of Hayti will be repeated.

Liberty, order and civilization—that is what American rule means from the start, and where these things prevail self-government will follow in due time.

A VERY  
SIMPLE  
DUTY.

An evening contemporary remarks that the selection of General Merritt as the presiding officer of the Egan court-martial is "an assurance that the proceedings will be prompt, thorough and animated solely by an intelligent desire to ascertain the exact truth of the unseemly controversy between the defendant and General Miles." That is an entire misapprehension of the situation. The duty of ascertaining the merits of the controversy between General Egan and General Miles, and of investigating a good many other matters as well, will belong to a court of inquiry, which will doubtless be appointed in due time. The business of the court-martial is simply to find out whether General Egan was the author of certain scurrilous abuse, unworthy of an officer and a gentleman and prejudicial to discipline, and if so, to sentence him to dismissal from the service he has disgraced.

THE NEW  
OUTBREAK OF  
RAINES.

The immortal Raines is at it again. He has discovered that his liquor law has been evaded by "fake" clubs, hotels and restaurants, and instead of being led by that misfortune to question the wisdom of the law, he proposes to make it effective by forbidding the genuine hotels, clubs and restaurants to do business. If he can have his way no man in New York, unless he is rich enough to keep his private wine cellar, shall have a drop of anything stronger than lemonade with his Sunday dinner.

We might indulge in a chuckle of ghoulish glee over this, and ask the people of New York whether they did not think they were served exactly right for voting for a party of which the illustrious Raines has long been a notorious and shining light. But that would not be quite fair. The people of New York City did not vote for the Raines party. They cast a majority of 84,000 against the head of its ticket, and sent an almost solid delegation to Albany against it. Consequently they cannot be accused of having brought this plague upon themselves. They are merely the victims of an atrocious external oppression—a scandalous violation of the principle of home rule.

Still, the gentlemen of the Union League and Republican Clubs, the hundreds of Republican hotel and restaurant proprietors and the 209,000 other Republican New Yorkers who voted for Roosevelt last year must feel rather cheap when they think of the spectacle they are presenting just now.

Of course this new Raines absurdity can hardly get far enough to be a serious danger. The votes of the fifteen Republican Assemblymen from the city of New York would be enough in themselves, backed by the solid strength of the Democracy, to prevent the passage of any such crazy legislation. It can scarcely be imagined that any New Yorker, even though a Republican, would carry subservience to the boss to the point of supporting a measure that would be equivalent to suicide. Nor is it to be supposed that the eleven Republican Assemblymen from Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Troy and Syracuse would feel particularly infatuated with a bill which, while it might accord with the public sentiment of Canandaigua, would finish their political careers at home.

Even Governor Roosevelt would probably think twice before approving a measure that would reduce his party in this city to the numerical level of the Socialists. On the whole, it is reasonable to believe that the bark of Raines is worse than his bite.

TOLSTOI  
HONORS THE  
CZAR.

A good deal has been made of the scene at the Odessa railroad station when Count Leo Tolstol and kissed and hugged him until the master of ceremonies ordered a "breakaway."

Some people think that the Count is the George Francis Train of Russia, and that he does not help his cause overmuch by going around dressed in a \$2 peasant suit of clothes and ostentatiously digging potatoes in front of a camera to show that he is not proud.

That may be, too, but in kissing Count Leo the Czar did not perform any act of condescension. The Czar may be trying to do right in his own way, but some one ought to point out to him that in the embracing act he saluted an old gentleman who knows a good deal more than he does, and whose costume, however strange it may have looked, in all probability was not more ridiculous than the things the Czar had on.

It was very kind of Tolstol to encourage the young Czar with a paternal kiss. Perhaps it will do the ruler of all the Russias some good. Tolstol, at the interview, was bold enough to suggest that the Czar's peace proposal was only a bluff. This shows that however much the Czar may have been overawed at the meeting, Tolstol preserved his presence of mind and was not at all alarmed.

A LAD  
AND HIS  
FUTURE.

That boy, Harry McDonnell, who escaped from Randall's Island on Friday night and swam across the icy river to the Port Morris shore is worth careful watching. His feat was a remarkable one. The river was filled with floating ice that impeded navigation. At the place where the boy swam across there are many strong eddies, and the current is swift. After reaching the shore the lad walked more than a mile in his wet clothes to his home. There he changed his garments, and after a day's rest he departed for regions unknown. He has not yet been recaptured, but it is only a question of time when he will be returned to the House of Refuge, whence he escaped. The lad is worth watching for this reason: He possesses courage, boldness and energy. Those are wonderful gifts. With those qualities a man can become a strong power among his fellow men—a power for either good or evil.

But in which direction will this lad grow and develop? And who will be to praise or to blame for his future? He has had a bad start. He was sent to a reformatory for incorrigibility. Was this the fault of his home training, or does he possess that inexplicable rebellious instinct that leads to criminality? Can his faults be corrected, or is he the helpless victim of some hereditary or atavistic development of nature?

Those questions are not easily answered. This fact, however, remains—there is excellent and rare material in this lad. If he were carefully educated he would some day become known, but whether for good or for bad no one can say.

BOSSSES IN  
TWO  
STATES.

It is rather a novelty for New York to be looking up to Pennsylvania for a display of political independence. But yesterday when every Republican member of the New York Legislature voted for Chauncey Vanderbilt Depew for United States Senator, while out of 164 Republicans in the Legislature of Pennsylvania 52 refused to vote for Quay, this miracle happened.

It would be strange if the most effective blow of the year at bossism should be struck in boss-ridden Pennsylvania, but it looks as if it might happen that way. Quay has been the most powerful and unscrupulous of all the State bosses in the Union. He has been more powerful than Platt, for he has not only had almost uninterrupted control of the State government, but he has been continuously in power in the chief city of the commonwealth. He has been such a boss as Platt would be if he had the power of Tammany in the metropolis added to his own in the country. And not only has he been an omnipotent State boss, but he was the nearest approach to a national boss we had before the rise of Hanna.

If Quay can be driven from politics the wreck of the People's Bank will have been well worth its cost.

KISSING  
HEROES AND  
OTHERS.

The hero-kissing craze has reached its lowest point. Misguided women have begun to hug General Shafter.

This ends the kissing business forever. If Shafter is to be embraced no doubt there will be a large rush to salute the not over-clean lips of Eagan, the butcher and grocer of the army who failed so miserably at his business.

This onslaught on Shafter shows that the kissing movement is conducted by women who will kiss any old thing provided it has a face and a couple of lips. It vindicates the claim that the Hobsonizing that made such a commotion a few weeks ago was not based on distorted patriotism at all, but on something much less important. The women hadn't a cigar store Indian handy, and so they kissed the nearest man.

Mr. Hobson will feel very small when he learns that the women who kissed him so frantically are consoling themselves during his absence by throwing their arms round the elephantine neck of the man who during the numerous battles of Santiago was lying in a hammock as far from the firing line as he could find a tree to hang it on.

DIGNITY  
ORDERED BY  
THE YARD.

On and after March 1 the District Attorney, the assistant district attorneys and the deputy assistant district attorneys are to wear silk gowns while pleading cases. The object of this innovation is to add dignity to the offices these great men hold and overawe the lawbreaker. The officials are now at the dressmakers' being measured for their frocks, fixing the yokes and cutting the cloth on the bias and seeing that the garments are not too full at the waist.

Anything that will add to the dignity of the District Attorney's department is to be welcomed, but this is not the bureau of the city government which is suffering most at this instant from the dignity famine.

If costume is to be depended on to impress the public it might not be a bad idea to equip Captain McCluskey, of the detective department, with a cocked hat and a wig, with a big red sash to be worn round his waist and a long cloak, the train of which shall be held up by ward detectives dressed in purple knee breeches.

Alleged Misconduct at West Point.

Editor of the New York Journal: Speaking of army officers in your leading editorial in this day's issue you say: "While we may get good officers in other ways, we are sure to get them through West Point." Now, I beg to say that while we really do owe much to West Point, yet we cannot without blushing recall certain incidents that are included in its recent record.

For if the sentiment there be such that it is possible for a large group of cadets to enjoy the sight of an enforced ring fight between an untrained freshman, who had been goaded to the encounter to prove that he was not a coward, and a junior, who far outranked him in size and weight, who was a recognized athlete, who had won several medals and the best boxer in the academy, who repeatedly knocked down his plucky though comparatively slight and untrained antagonist, until he finally "knocked him out," lying in his gore, insensible and unrecognizable—I say if society and sentiment at our boasted Military Academy are such that an incident like this is possible and enjoyable, then a reform is sorely needed. Many of your readers will recall the incident to which I refer and can doubtless repeat the names of the principals.

New York, Jan. 16, 1899.

The Mistakes of Senator Hoar.

Two things militate against the influence of Senator Hoar when he attacks the policy of expansion. One is that more than fifty years ago he was firmly convinced that the United States was all wrong in its war with Mexico and in its acquisition of California as a result of that war. It did not require fifty years to prove how false was the Massachusetts Senator's views of that situation, but even after fifty years' experience in public life he is making the same sort of mistake he and many of his fellow New Englanders made when he was a young man.

Leslie's Weekly Appreciative.

Leslie's Weekly, Editorial Department, 110 Fifth ave., New York. W. J. Arkell, President. Editor of the New York Journal: We are in receipt of the Journal's copy of the secret proceedings of the American Peace Commission, and highly appreciate it. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am very truly yours, JOHN A. SLEICHER.

New York, Jan. 13, 1899.

Compliments from the Springfield Union.

Editor of the New York Journal: I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the report of the proceedings of the Peace Commission. The work is of the greatest importance, and the Union congratulates you for the enterprise you have shown. Very truly yours, M. S. SHERMAN.

News Editor, Springfield Union, Springfield, Mass., Jan. 13, 1899.

BOTH BAD FOR THE ARMY.



UNCLE SAM TO LA BELLE FRANCE—Say, I guess mine aint much better than yours!

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

ALAN DALE ON OLGA NETHERSOLE'S NEW PLAY.



As the lady with the septa-tinted yet bubbling past in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Miss Olga Nethersole does far more artistic work than she showed us as the clawing, clenching and fantastic heroine in "The Termagant." Miss Nethersole is a maternal actress, who is far more at ease discussing realities than when she is hisping to a velvet lover through fern leaves, or sprawling abominably by the side of a lichen-covered wall. In other words, the star now at Wallack's Theatre is not at all fantastic. She is eminently substantial, and in Pinero's "thoughtful" sex play, that was so much discussed a few years ago, she has splendid material to work upon. But Miss Nethersole personally, I am inclined to think, likes stupid plays. She introduced herself to us originally in something dreadful, called "The Transgressor," and she broke the ice of this season with "The Termagant."

A crowded house saw "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" last night, and saw it just as placidly, as contentedly and as unexcitedly as though it were "The Babes in the Wood." Why, when Mommer Kendal, of the British Drammer, first gave us "Tanqueray" we were nearly as alarmed about it as we were at the "Affair of Honor." We thought it such a terrible thing for such a matron as Mrs. Madge to present. It was so unrespectable, so un-bread-and-buttery, so dark and dank and noisome. And now! Well, last night's audience answered that question. They laughed at Paula's little allusions to the leafy side of her career, when she "kept house" without a wedding ring. They smiled at her ennuil when confronted with stodgy, English rural life, and, yes—yes, they really seemed to curl up their lips at the spectacle of the highly virtuous Elean, whom Pinero sketched in such dry, sharp colors.

But perhaps that was because Elean was so ugly, and dressed like a fright. Really it does seem all wrong that virtue should always array itself in badly made clothes with bulging seams, and vice step forth in elegant sorties of bal, and Paris-built gowns. It is taking a mean advantage of women. The women in any audience—even in a collection of independent theatre cranks—are unaccountably far more interested in the well-dressed than the ill-dressed types. Now, if Pinero had insisted that the Second Mrs. Tanqueray

should wear a frowsy wrapper and curl-papers the moral of the play would have stood out and she would have been despised. Elean's colossal virtue would have been convincing had she only been permitted to wear something cut snappily on the bias. But as it was, Mrs. Tanqueray, the lure, was a vision of artistic beauty; Elean, the pure, was a hideous dowdy in a jacket that hitched itself up in the back as though it were catering to Edna Wallace Hopper.

However, these are little niceties of virtue and vice that are not found in any volumes on that subject. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is still a strenuously interesting play, and it is written by Pinero at his strongest. Miss Nethersole's affections still cropped out, but she gave us a sterling picture. Her "business" is so complex that at times you feel you would give a gold clock to see her sit still, and pay attention to the others. She is either stroking her back hair; or posing, wreathed in her arms; or tossing up little bits of biscuit; or wandering about from chair to chair, like an uneasy spirit seeking anchorage; or picking at the sleeves of stray gentlemen; or fussing with her clothes. It is over-elaboration, and it is rather fatiguing. At the famous breakfast scene I preferred the easy comedy manners of Mrs. Kendal. The Mommer of the Drammer is fond of elaborate stage business, goodness knows! But give her something to sew, or a vase of flowers to arrange, and she is perfectly happy and easy. Miss Nethersole gives herself so much work to do. She is so painfully industrious. Even when other people claim the right to be heard, she is distracting your attention from them in a hundred ways. You feel that you would like to hold her down in her chair and cry: "Please act now; no monkeying." "Monkeying" is a dreadful word. I despise it. It is so impolite. But really, Miss Nethersole "monkey-keys." Upon my soul she does.

There is so much force in this second Mrs. Tanqueray, however, that you forgive the over-elaboration. In some of the episodes Miss Nethersole compels your admiration. She has genuine power, and this Pinero play gives it splendid scope. Physically she is a far better Paula Tanqueray than was Mrs. Kendal. Here is a Paula that you could quite understand the fastidious Aubrey marrying, and trying to purify. The illusion of youth is there. No art can dispense with

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the illusion of youth. It was all very well for Mrs. Kendal to turn on the stream of her daintiest comedy, but as soon as Mrs. Tanqueray said to her, "A few years ago you were a schoolgirl," everything was ruined. Miss Nethersole gives you an accurate physical picture of this naughty creature, who was not so very much of a siren after all.

T. B. Thalhberg played the part of Aubrey. Occasionally you understood what he said—very occasionally—and then you almost felt grateful to him for leaving you a few lines unspoken. Mr. Thalhberg seemed to be very hungry for Pinero's lines. Mr. Kendal was not a particularly felicitous Tanqueray, but Thalhberg was infinitely worse. Of course, the role is a peculiar one, for Tanqueray is an absurd person, quite impossible in real life. When men have said t-a-t-a to the forties they are not exactly addicted to marrying soiled doves for the purpose of cleaning their feathers. That sort of thing is all very well for fervent young Armand Duvals. This does not excuse Mr. Thalhberg's execrable work, and I hope he won't think that it does.

I have already alluded to Elean. The part was played by Miss Madge McIntosh. There should be some law against rendering virtue so unattractive. This particular Elean came upon you like a shock, and your sympathies rushed out to the pernickies Paula. It was all very well for Miss Nethersole's purpose, but this play of Pinero's wears a moral. A. S. Homewood as Cayley Drumme compared badly with the original Dodson, but Mr. Homewood had a certain ease and veneer that won. Miss Emerson, as Mrs. Cortelyou, played a small part most acceptably. Mr. Thalhberg was Captain Ardle, the bone of contention in the case, and Miss Lillian Hingston was Milady Orger.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as played is distinctly worth seeing. It was discussed in its day, and nobody need worry about those discussions this week. And perhaps, after all, our principal grievance when the play was first done here arose from the fact that our immaculate Madge—all milk and honey—sank to the depths of a devilish lady with a Worcestershire sauce past.

ALAN DALE.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S GOSSIP. NO REASON TO GROW EXCITED OVER SIR TATTON SYKES.

DO not see why we should take off our hats and bow low because Sir Tatton Sykes is "in our midst." However, as there is a burrah about his arrival, I suppose that it is only necessary if one wants to be in the swim to follow the example of others and cry out "All hail!"

But Sir Tatton Sykes has changed very much from the days in which I first knew him, and since he has had marital troubles he has gone back strongly to religion, and is at present correcting the errors of his youth, so to speak, by "changing from a fervent ritualist to an orthodox churchman of the most aggressive sort."

He was not present at the Mills dance the other evening, as he is in mourning for his brother, "Kit," the Prince's friend, and the great dinner giver, who died a few weeks ago, and likewise perished because he is now definitely separated from Lady Sykes, who is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Mrs. Mills's twin sister.

He will go to Mexico, which just now is quite gay with a little society composed of Americans. Ely Goddard is there in his glory, and frequenters of the clubhouses where Americans and Englishmen are congregated are listening to his stories of American life. You would hardly know, they say, the genial Ely Goddard of other days. He has been transformed into a regular Mexican senor and looks quite picturesque.

I find the Union Club a little dull since Goddard left. He certainly was amusing, and as he always has a penchant for strangers, I commend to him Sir Tatton Sykes and young Cholmondeley. Sir Tatton Sykes is a very good fellow, though a trifle odd, and I am sure he will find the Mexican capital all that he expects it to be.

Bagby is over, and the last musical morning was the eighty-eighth, or something of that sort.

I have heard that the little maestro of the Waldorf intended to celebrate his centennial. I very seldom go to the musicals, because as a rule a man is out of place there. Even Major Creighton Webb, who is very fond of music, and

who used to be one of the few beaux on tap, has departed, and Mr. Harry Lehr finds wine opening more congenial to his spirits now that he is in the business.

But to Bagby succeeds the musical and dramatic breakfast, and this is a species of fashionable Bohemia which is a bit amusing. You pay five dollars for a ticket, and thereby help the Society of Decorative Art. Then you find a lot of admiring women and some few men who as long as they have taken tickets or else have been invited, will go, because there is a feed.

After a short vaudeville performance you are allowed to get a Boldt "table d'hôte" luncheon and see the animals. For it is a part of the covenant



SIR TATTON SYKES.

that you are to shake hands with the actresses, and actually talk to them. They are engaged for this purpose, and they are to be patronized and stared at by society, or rather that part of society which goes to these entertainments. This is to come just before the feed.

There will be no confusion this year, as with the ticket purchased there is a meal coupon entitling you to one stare and shake hands, and a few words and a table d'hôte. You can get the performance for \$2.50, but the rest of the enter-

tainment will cost you \$5, and I think that for what you get it is very cheap at the price.

It is really worth the price of admission, including carriage hire and new togs, to attend a State reception at the White House, simply to witness Senator Hale go down the line of the receiving party on his way to the glorified precincts at the rear of the Blue Room.

Eugene is a great fellow in some things, and in this matter of greeting the Cabinet women is simply immense. He was in his element at the diplomatic reception the other day, and gave the onlookers the treat of the evening. The manner in which he brings his heels together, straightens up to his full height, and, grasping the Cabinet woman's hand at the latest approved angle for hand shakes, intensifies intensity in the gaze he directs into the uttermost depths of their visual organs, is certainly a feat only to be accomplished by Eugene.

When the woman he so greets is pretty and wears a stunning gown—well, the situation is nothing short of thrilling!

This matter of going down the line of a receiving party at the White House is really one to which society generally would do well to give particular attention. To take a page out of the diplomats' book in this respect would be no end of a good thing in bettering a decidedly bad state of affairs.

The foreigners have reduced to a science the grace and dignity of running the gamut of going down the line at White House receptions. Their greetings are perfection.

I am sorry to be brutally truthful, and have to state that the majority, even of us in the ultra swell set, accomplish this ordeal of greetings in a manner that smacks deplorably of gauderie.

Nine-tenths, even of us of the elect, after greeting the President and his wife, slide off and go down the line with a hurried, sidewise, crablike motion.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

SICKLY CREATURES.

[Brooklyn Life.] Jennie—Hebberle. It says here another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian? Hebberle—Well, I don't know just what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying.

THE USEFUL.

"Give him his cone!" suggested her innate Common Sense, in English. But the sentiments of the glad Christmas season were yet too strong upon the gentle girl. "It's just horrid to give useful things!" she protested.

Clearly a matter of taste was involved; to say nothing of principle.—Detroit Journal.

Christmas Number.

"The powers," declared the Sultan, to his immediate entourage, "lack enterprise! Now, their ultimatum is, absolutely the only periodical we

A FRUITLESS TASK.

Bill—What is the most fruitless task you ever knew undertaken? Jill—A drunken man hunting for his wife's pocket in a London fog.—Yonkers Statesman.